Bombay Gazette.

ADVERTISER.

VOL. 37. WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1826 No. 18

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 1st Inst.

THE remaining Gentlemen's Fashionable London made Coats, Laurie's Hunting and Military Saddle, positively to the highest bidder.

London Porter and Hodgson's beer well up in bottle, a few dozen of old Madeira, Seidlitz Powder in large Packages, Hair Powder and Pomatum.

Silver Tea and Coffee pots, Milk bowl, plated Curry dishes, Ball Thread and a variety of other Articles.

Meadows Street, 31st May 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 1st Instant,
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
A GREY ARAB SADDLE HORSE,
6 YEARS OLD, 14 HANDS 1 INCH HIGH, of BEAUTIFUL ACTION,
A SMALL BAY HORSE
13½ HANDS HIGH, RISING 5 YEARS OLD.
The Property of a Gentleman Leaving India.

ALSO
SEVERAL GREY HOUNDS,
A POINTER
DOG AND BITCH
AND A
SETTER BITCH,

THE Property of a Gentleman who intends remaining at the Presidency, and has therefore no further use for them.

Meadows Street, 31st May 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
On THURSDAY the 1st Proximo
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
Two Field Officer's
TENTS,
One Lined with Yellow Serge, the other lined with Chintz, the Property of a Gentleman leaving India.

ALSO
TWO NEAT
CHARIOT
PAINTED GREEN,
Belonging to a family returned to Europe.

Meadows Street, 31st May 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
On Commission,
THREE ELEGANT
Calcutta Built
DENETS
and Harness,
PRICE EACH Rs. 1100.
ALSO
A FEW
Lucknow Hookah Snakes,
PRICE EACH Rs. 18.

Meadows Street, 31st May 1826.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
On Commission,
AN INVOICE OF PARKER'S
HIGHLY FINISHED
FOWLING PIECES
COMPRISING AS UNDER, VIZ.

BEST double barrelled guns, on a new and approved principle of Percussion, in Mahogany Cases neatly fitted up with every requisite, 1500 Copper Caps & Leather Travelling Cases Rs. 525

Best double barrelled Guns for flints with every Apparatus in Cases as above 400

Single barrelled Ditto on Percussion Principles, with apparatus in Cases . . . . . 275 to 300

Single barrelled Gun for Flints with apparatus in Mahogany Case 260

ALSO
NEW REGULATION
INFANTRY SWORDS
Richly Gilt and lined with Patent Leather, each Rs. 40.
FULL MOUNTED PATENT
LEATHER SWORD BELTS
with Richly Gilt Furniture,
each Rs. 15.

Meadows Street, 31st May 1826.

Kempt and Co.

WILL Sell by Public Auction, this day Wednesday 31st Instant, imported on the Hamburgh Ship Asia, viz,

An Invoice of Silesian Board-Cloth,—Black,— Blue— Green,— Violet,—Brown, Grey,—and Scarlet,—and some Superfine Scarlet of English Manufacture.

ALSO,

An Invoice of superfine Liquieuers, imported by the same Ship, Noyeau, Raspberry. Ratafia, and Cherry do. Cherry Brandy. Curaceau, Esprit de Cupidon Choix de Dames.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

Kempt and Co.

WILL Sell by Public Auction, this day Wednesday the 31st Instant, imported on the Ship Asia, from Hamburgh, viz.

A choice selection of fine Westphalia Hams, in capital order.

An Invoice of Corks, a quantity of Lavender Water.

An Invoice of Window Glass in Boxes of 100 feet each, 8 by 10, 9 by 11, 10 by 12, 12 by 14, 12 by 16, 12 by 18, 14 by 16. 14 by 18.

ALSO,

The remainder of the Invoice of Glass Ware advertized last Wednesday.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

Kempt and Co.

WILL sell by Public Auction on Monday the 5th Proximo, by order, of the Executors.

The Modern Household Furniture, &c. belonging to the Estate of the late THO. HOPKINS Esq.
AT HIS LATE RESIDENCE ON COLABA,

Consisting of, Plate, Queens, and Glass ware, an Eight light Chandelier, Patent argand Moon Lamps, a neat set of Mahogany Dining Tables, on Pillar and claw, Handsome Couches, Cots, Chairs, a good Billiard Table with Ques and Balls Complete, some excellent Sherry, and other wines, a few Dozen of very fine escuming Hodgsons Pale Ale.

AT 1 P. M.

will be put up, also belonging to the Estate, two Capital Saddle Horses, a Chesnut, and a Grey.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

Advertisement.

Cowasjee Pestonjee and Co.
CLOSE TO No. 7,
FORBES STREET,

RESPECTFULLY begs to inform the Public that they have purchased for Sale at their Shop some Boxes of French Claret and Brandy Fruit imported by the Ship La Virginie.

Forbes Street, 31st May 1826.

SECOND
Calcutta Lottery
OF
1826.

TICKETS to be had at the office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS, Price Rs. 120.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

NOTICE.

THE Partnership lately subsisting between DAVID DEAS INGLIS, MICHIE FORBES, WILLIAM BRIDGMAN, WILLIAM HAY LEITH, and WILLIAM BRIDGMAN, JUNIOR, under the Firm of INGLIS, FORBES and Co of Mansion House Place, East India Agents, having been dissolved as from this day, upon the retirement of Mr. BRIDGMAN and Mr. WILLIAM BRIDGMAN, JUNIOR, a new Partnership has been formed by the remaining Partner, in conjunction with GEORGE FORBES, Son of Sir CHARLES FORBES, BART. and JAMES MALCOLMSON of this city, and the business will continue to be conducted under the same Firm of INGLIS, FORBES, and Co.

Dd. INGLIS,
MICHIE FORBES,
GEO. FORBES,
W. H. LEITH,
J. MALCOLMSON,

London,
Mansion House Place,
31st December, 1825.

SETTS OF BUGGY HARNESS, &c.

Cursetjee Burjorjee

HAS Recived per. latest Arrival and Exposed for Sale in his Room in Hummum Street.—An Investment of Sadlery by Mirrlees.—A Few Setts of Buggy Harnesses.—Brass and Plated Mounting Sadle and Bridles. Single Stable Collars with Ropes.—Dutch Do. with black Chains.—Pembroke Do. with white Do.—Superfine Saddle Cloths.—Portsmouth head and Reins billitted.—Snaffle Bridles.—Patent Shot Bags—Watering Bridles.—Spare Holsters, &c. &c.

Pictures, formerly advertised, will be sold at reduced prices; Seidlity and Soda Powders.—Edinburg Orange Marmalade.—Groal and Barley Powder.—Best white Champaign.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

Sorabjee Maneckjee, next to
MESSRS. LUGRIN, SON & CO. WAREHOUSE.

HAS Just received some excellent Mutton Hams, white Herring and Port Wine in quart & Pints.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Probate of the last Will and Testament of ROBERT GIBBINGS late of Bombay a Captain in the Military service of the United Company of merchants of England trading to the East Indies on their Madras Establishment deceased may be Granted to WILLIAM SHOTTON Esquire the Executor therein named.—All persons Concerned are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 30th day of May 1826.

E. C. MORGAN,
PROCTOR.

For Passage Only

TO
ENGLAND,
THE SHIP

PYRAMUS,

OF 500 TONS,

Capt. John Brodie,

(LATE OF THE HON'BLE COMPANY'S SERVICE.)

Will sail for London on or about the 20th Proximo.

THE Pyramus has excellent accommodations for Passengers and carries a Surgeon.—Plans of her Cabins may be seen, and further particulars known, on application at the Office of Messrs. ADAM SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

For Freight or Passage

TO
LONDON
THE FINE FAST SAILING SHIP

DARIUS,

OF 400 TONS,

Captain Thomas Bowen,

LATE OF THE SARAH,

IS daily expected from England, and will be despatched early in June. The Darius has good accomodations for passengers and carries a Surgeon.

For particulars apply at the office of Messrs. PATRICK STEWART & CO.

Bombay 31st May, 1826.

For Freight or Passage,

TO
ENGLAND,
THE FAST SAILING SHIP

DIADEM,

OF 400 TONS,

R. B. Cotgrave Esq. R. N.

COMMANDER.

THIS Ship was to leave Portsmouth on the 25th January and may be daily expected. The Diadem is well fitted up for Passengers and carries an experienced Surgeon—For particulars apply at the Office of Messrs. PATRICK STEWART & CO.

Bombay, 31st May 1826.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

Bombay Gazette.

VOL. 37. WEDNESDAY, 31ST MAY, 1826. No. 1878.

GENERAL ORDERS.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 19TH MAY 1826.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

No. 161 of 1826.—Lieutenant Lang, of the 2d Extra Battalion, is appointed to the temporary charge of the Public buildings at Ahmednugger, during the absence of the Executive Engineer at Poona, and on the responsibility of the latter officer.

No. 162 of 1826.---The furlough granted to Lieutenant D. C. Scott. of the 3d Regt. Light Cavalry, to Saint Helena on sick certificate is extended for six Months from the 27th of March last.

Bombay Castle, 20th May 1826.

No. 163 of 1826.---Captain Thomas Gordon, of the 4th Regiment N. I. is appointed Aid de Camp to Major General Samuel Wilson, from the 24th of November last.

Captain Law to act as Senior Deputy Commissary of Stores during the time Captain Lester was in charge of the Ordnance Department, as per General Order of the 19th ultimo.

Bombay Castle, 23d May 1826.

No. 164 of 1826.---The following Promotion is sanctioned.

7th Regiment Native Infantry.

Ensign T. D. Fallon to be Lieutenant, vice Thompson deceased.---Date of Rank 6th May 1826.

By Order of the Hon'ble
the Governor in Council,
W. NEWNHAM,
Chief Secretary.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I observed with regret, at the performance on Wednesday night, that the Upper Boxes containing a too crouded assembly, some of the *Ladies* were obliged to stand. Nor was this all, for they, seeing a vacant semicircle between the Upper Boxes and Gallery, removed there, to enjoy the little comfort of *standing at ease*; but even this indulgence was not long allowed them; for who should come in but Mr. Housekeeper, desiring them to withdraw. In my humble opinion if more Tickets are sold than the accommodation in the Upper Boxes warrant, a seat in the Pit should be offered to the Ladies (let the Gentlemen stand) I am happy to say I had a pleasant seat.

Yours,
AN OBSERVER.

We feel confident that the above complaint will meet with every attention from the Managers.

It is to be presumed that our correspondent is a lady; otherwise, the enjoyment of a *pleasant seat*, while such distress claimed it, is not easily reconciled with the gallantry, which suggests better accommodation for the *fair*.

ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The amusing account of a public entertainment at Bancote, is under consideration. We fear the snapping of fingers by the native orators, when translated into English, will appear no very great compliment to the parties, in honour of whom the dinner was given; whatever they may think of the high respect evinced by the eating of it.

We should have inserted Y's letter with pleasure, but it may be reasonably conjectured, that most of our readears are already acquainted with its contents.

Q. shall be attended to, though we think the subject deserves more than a mere sketch. It will ever be highly interesting, and prolific when treated with ability; but it must be confessed no one has ever yet been able to master it.

EXCHANGE.

On London.6 mon's.1 | 10*d*.to 1 | 11*d*.
Calcutta..90 Days 102 B'y Rs. per 100 Siccas.
Madras..30 ...do. 97 B'y Rs.per 100 Madras.
A five per cent loan open.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 31ST MAY 1826.

The Brig Cagador from Bombay the 8th, arrived at Aguada on the 10th, and left Goa for Rio de Janeiro on the 16th instant.

Passengers: Sr. Henrique Joze Gonsalves and Sr. Agostinho de Souza.

The Castle Spectre and the Deaf Lover were performed last wednesday, before a crowded audience, and we believe few dramatic entertainments at this Presidency, have ever given more general satisfaction. Most of the characters were respectably supported; some were excellent: and it is much to be regreted, that more frequent opportunities do not occur, for the exertion of so much talent and attention, as distinguished the performance of Osmond, Alice, Angela and Motley; to encourage by example, and also afford practice to those Amateurs, who labour under the trammels of diffidence in their dramatic novitiate, and to dispel the apathytic monotony of Indian society.

Some little interruption occurred during the evening, from a party of sailors in the gallery; but order was soon restored by the interference of some gentlemen; amongst whom, it was said, a Reporter for one of the papers volunteered to restore tranquility; having been disturbed by the Gods in his critical vocation, but soon had cause to repent such temerity; as a son of Neptune resented the intrusion, by forcibly ejecting some extract of tabacco from his mouth, into the eyes of the Critic, which obliged him to close them and his memorandum book together, without farther comment on the performance.

This we are inclined to doubt, though it must be confessed, the Couriers unusually brief dramatic report smells strong of *short-cut*.

The rapid progress of modern generations towards perfection of intellect, in the grand triumph over bigotry and superstition, has been so long, & so universally trumpeted forth, that to entertain a doubt, is almost considered a sort of religious scepticism, a heresy against the established adoration of *things as they are*; the divinity of which hath often been revealed by certain oracles of marvellous inspiration: therefore let not any man become a backslider in the faith; but rather strengthen it by evidence such as followeth.

FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

[FROM THE COURIER FRANCAIS OF FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23.]

We imagined that the discussions of our trial and the sentence which followed, would put an end to the distribution of little books with which the country is inundated, and which are only calculated to bring religion into contempt. This, however, is not the case; these little books are multiplied more than ever; this speculation on credulity has taken a new flight. The Missionaries have circulated in the department of the Marne a book which is sold in all the communes, in which we find such prayers as the following:—

"PRAYER TO STOP THE TOOTH ACHE.

"Saint Apoline seated on the marble stone, our Lord passing there, said to him: Apoline, what dost thou there! I am here for my chief, for my blood, and for my tooth ache.—Apoline, return if it is a drop of blood it will fall, if it is a worm it will die—Five *Pater* and five *Ave Maria*, in honour and to the intention of the five wounds of our Saviour Jesus Christ. The sign of the cross on the cheek with the finger, against the pain which is felt, and in a very short time you will be cured."

"PRAYER TO STOP THE BLEEDING OF ANY SORT OF CUT, AND ALL SORTS OF WOUNDS.

"God was born on Christmas night, at midnight! God died, God rose again; God commanded that the blood should stop, that the wound should close, that the pain should pass

and that it should neither suppurate nor swell, nor show proud flesh, as the five wounds of our Saviour did.—*Natus est Christus, mortuus est, et resurrexit Christus.* Repeat these Latin words thrice, and each time blow in the form of a cross on the wound, naming the name of the person, saying—God has cured thee, so be it. The ninth day shall be a fast, on account of the five wounds of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

"PRAYER FOR RHEUMATISM AND OTHER PAINS.

"The blessed Saint Anne, who bore the Virgin Mary; the Virgin Mary, who bore Jesus Christ: God cure thee and bless thee, poor creature N. from dislocation, wound, fracture, impediments, and all sorts of infirmities, for the honour of God and the Virgin Mary, as Saint Cosme and saint Damien cured the five wounds of our Lord.

"Say three *Pater* and three *Ave* for nine days, every morning fasting, in honour of the anguish which our Saviour suffered on Calvary."

There are similar prayers for the *itch* for *cutting fevers*, for *dispersing bad spirits*, for *preserving from the clouds*, for sore eyes;

"PRAYER FOR CURING QUICKLY FROM THE COLICK

"Put the thumb of the right hand on the pain, and say—Mary who art Mary, or Colick passion, which are between my liver and my heart, my spleen and my lungs, stop in the name of the father the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and say three *Pater* and three *Ave*, and name the name of the person, saying God has cured thee. Amen.

"PRAYER FOR CURING ALL SORTS OF BURNS.

"Three different times you will blow on them in the form of the cross, and say. Fire of God, lose thy heat as Judas lost his colour when he betrayed our Saviour in the Garden of Olives, and name the name of the person, saying God has cured thee by his power without forgetting the nine days' fast on account of the five wounds of our Saviour Jesus Christ. So be it."

(A number of other prayers of the same description are given.)

There are also prayers for animals; the following is a specimen:

"PRAYERS FOR CURING HORSES OF THE GRIPES.

"Black or grey (horse, for the colour of the hair of the beast must be distinguished,) belonging to N., if thou hast the glanders, or gripes of whatever colour they are, or in thirty-six sorts of ailments, whatever they may be, God cure thee, and the blessed St. Eloi.

"In the name of the father and the Holy Ghost, so be it.

"And you will say five *Pater* and five *Ave Maria* to thank God for his grace."

It is well to observe, that this collection bears at the end the following note:—*Permitted to be printed and to be sold at Epernay. By the Sous-prefet,* VALLERY.

"Let M. de la Mennais explain himself. Does he really believe that these absurd practices, calculated to stupify the people, and even to endanger their health, are for the interest of religion! If he belives this let him say so, and give us his reasons. If he does not believe this, let him cease to accuse those who point them out, and to find fault with the Magistrates who wished to put a stop to them."

We consider it a duty incumbent on us, to republish the following useful suggestion of our brother Courier; not only to promote its object by a continued circulation, but to obviate any mistakes, which may arise from a mischievous sort of parody, which, we understand, has been palmed off in some circles under the impression of originality.

We highly disapprove of parodies generally, and feeling particularly indignant at any attempt to cast a shade over meritorious inventions, novelty of design, and original communications, we shall subjoin the counterfeit that it may be detected, when again offered as a *true* copy. We have a strong suspicion as to its author; who will perceive, that any attempt, even to quiz a good intention, will not be allowed to pass with impunity: and let him remember, that false concords are not absolutely requisite in a parody.

FROM THE BOMBAY COURIER.

Having often observed in shipping reports, in the newspapers, that vessels have passed each other at sea without a possibility of speaking, it appears to us remarkable that none of the Codes of Signals published should have been brought into more general use, particularly by men so intelligent as the commanders of merchant vessels visiting the ports of India, who frequently in their long voyages meet vessels without communicating with them, from the sea being too high to allow of their passing within hail.

Of those adapted to the merchant service, the Code of Captain Marryat R. N. appears the best; its great simplicity rendering it easy of comprehension to the most ordinary capacity; the number of flags being small, the expense cannot be urged, nor indeed can any objection be advanced; on the contrary, the advantages of using it are so great, that it is a circumstance of surprise they are not more generally adopted. Instances are upon record of the commanders of vessels having been warned by another, in passing, of his steering into danger, and thereby saved, when, but for this, destruction must inevitably have befallen himself and those under his charge. By this medium he may communicate the distress of his vessel, when otherwise (as has occurred in hundreds of cases,) he might sink even in the midst of a fleet without being able to impart his want of assistance; or he may, when off a port, by making known his wants by signal, obtain immediate assistance, when circumstances may prevent a ready communication by boats. But, independently of considerations of so much moment, the advantages and comforts that may be derived from an interchange of communication between vessels at sea, to all parties connected with shipping concerns, are highly important, particularly in maritime situations, where almost every one is, in one way or another, interested in them.

"*Useful hints to Persons frequenting the dangerous roads near Scandal Point.*

"Having often observed in flying reports, in the news-monger parties, that vehicles have passed each other at Scandal point without a possibility of speaking, it appears to us remarkable that none of the Codes of Finger talk published should have been brought into more general use, particularly by persons so intelligent as those visiting the noted scandal point of India, who frequently in their long drives meet vehicles without communicating with them, from the cotton being too high to allow of their passing within hail."

"Of those adapted to the ladies service, the Code of Debora Digit appears the best; its great simplicity rendering it easy of comprehension to the most ordinary capacity; the number of transpositions being small, the fatigue cannot be urged, nor indeed can any objection be advanced; on the contrary, the advantages of using it are so great, that it is a circumstance of surprise they are not more generally adopted. Instances are upon record of the ladies in vehicles having been warned by another, in passing, of her steering into danger, and thereby saved; when, but for this, destruction must inevitably have befallen herself and those under her charge. By this medium she may communicate the distress of her vihicle when otherwise (as has occurred in hundreds of cases,) she might sink even in the midst of a crowd without being able to impart her want of assistance; or she may, when on a post, by making known her wants by signal, obtain immediate assistance, when circumstances may prevent a ready communication by *beaus*. But, independently of considerations of so much moment, the advantages and comforts that may be derived from an interchange of communication between vehicles at the Point to all parties connected with skittish concerns, are highly important, particularly in married situations, when almost every one is, in one way or another, interested in them."

On Sunday last, a fine royal Tiger was washed on shore in Back Bay; it having been drowned, probably, in attempting to reach one of the islands. From its fresh appearance, the body could not have been long in the water.

THE BOMBAY SUMMACHAR.

At Ahmedabad, the Cholera has again made its appearance, and numbers have fallen victims to its sudden attacks. After the first usual symptoms of vomiting &c. the nails of the person afflicted turn black, but resume their usual colour, just when life becomes extinct.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.—Capt. G. Head, Second or Queen's Royals.
Ensign J. Westley, Second or Queen's Royals.
Capt. G. Jainkyns 10th Regt. Bengal N. I.
Supery. Surgeon J. A. Maxwell M. D.
Lieut. J. Hobson 1st B. E. Regt.
DEPARTURES.—Major S. Hughes, 4th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. C. J. Westley, 20th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. W. Stewart, 24th Regt. N. I.
Capt. A. Seymour, 20th Regt. N. I.
Superintending Surgeon Geo. Ogilvy, Poonah Division.
Ensign W. Thatcher, 6th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. & Qr. Mr. Jas. A. Crosby, 9th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. G. Jameson, Fort Adjutant.
Lieut. Thomas Bell, 9th Regt. N. I.
Ensign Edwd. Marsh, 9th Regt. N. I.
Capt. J. Ranken, M. B.
Surgeon R. Pinhey 1st, Lt. Cy.
Asst. Surgeon, J. J. Cunningham, 10th Regt. N. I.
Ensign T. Foulerton, 1st Grs.
Ensign C. J. F. Pottinger, 17th Regt. N. I.
Capt. J. Forbes, 20th Regt.
Lieut. Stamford, 4th Troop H. B.
Superintg. Surgeon J. A. Maxwell, M. D.
Ensign H. C. Morse, 20th Regt.
Ensign H. James, 20th Regt.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE
AND NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.—None.

DEPARTURES.—May 23d Ship Lord Castlereagh, Capt. A. Haggof, to China.

24th Ship John Bannerman, Capt. John Whyte, to China.

25. Ship Ann, W. Allen, Comd. to China.

Do. Brig Nassery Meyahbhoy Hiderally, Nacqudah, to Malay Coast.

Do. Dudaloy, Mahomed Motta, Nacqudah, to Madras and Malay Coast.

26, Brig Hamoody, Ahmed Bhoy Meya, Nacqudah, to Malay Coast,

28 Barque Prince of Wales, Joseph Dare, Comd. to Calcutta.

Passengers by Ship Lord Castlereagh.—Capt. and Mrs. Lee, and Child.

By Barque Prince of Wales; Ensign Allen, H. M. 44th Regt. A. Dunlop Esq.

SHIPS LOADING.

English.—Grecian for London.
Alfred for China.
Helen for Ditto.
Byramgore for Ditto.
Exmouth for Ditto.
Francis Warden for Ditto.
Illustre Almeida for Ditto.
Princess of Wales for Bengal.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.—May 3d H. C. Ship Berwickshire, J. Shepherd, from London 20th January.

May 6th H. C. Ship Thames, W. Haviside, from London 24th January.

Do. 8th Ship Runnymede, Charles Kemp, from London 18th December.

Passengers per H. C. Ship Thames:—Mrs. Ann Arnold; Mrs. Maria Aldous; Miss Elizabeth Morris; Major George Arnold, Bengal Cavalry; Brevet Captain Aldous, Bengal Native Infantry; Lieutenant Abraham Fuller, ditto; Cavalry Cadets Frederick Collyer, William Boys, and Martin Hales; Infantry Cadets James Drummond. Neville Parkin, and John Iveson Messrs. W. Stout and James McClintock, of the Pilot Service; William Taylor, Free Merchant; Mrs. Christiana Boyd, for Penang,

Per Runnymede:—Messrs. W. Shand and H. T. Goode, Free Merchants; Messrs. Thomas Martin; Charles Grinell, and W. Kennedy, Cadets.

DEPARTURES.—May 1st Ship Hibernia, R. Gillies, for Rangoon.

May 3d Ship Hydery, E. D. O. Eales, for Rangoon.

Do. 5th Ship Kusrovie, J. A. Elwin, for Rangoon.

Do. 6th Ships Fairlie, J. Short, and Argyle, J. S. Harding, for Rangoon.

Do. 7th Ship Moira, J. O'Brien, for Rangoon.

MADRAS.

ARRIVALS.—May 12th H. M. Ship Rainbow, Captain the Hon. J. Rous, from Trincomalee.

Do. H. M. Ship Alligator, Captain Chads, from Calcutta.

DEPARTURES.—May 7th Ship Sulimany, Captain Harrold, for Rangoon.

10th Ship Ganges, Captain E. M. Boultbee, for Calcutta.

Do. French Ship La Jeune Laure, Captain Langlois for Pondicherry and Mauritius.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.—At Surat, on the 19th instant, the Lady of John Vibart Esq. of H. C. C. Service, of a Daughter.

On the 24th inst. Mrs. King, wife of Mr. Mathias King, of the mint department, of a daughter.

At Poona on the 26th May, the Lady of Lt. Thomas Probyn, of a Son.

On the 29th inst. the Lady of Capt. C. B. James, Military Paymaster at the Presidency, of a Son.

DEATHS.—At Camp, Jaulna, on the 6th instant, in consequence of wounds received from robbers of the village of Nurra near that place, Lieutenant Henry Bennet, of the 40th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, aged 3 years.

That officer being obliged to quit Jaulna for the benefit of his health, proceeded on the 4th inst. to Nurra, where he remained two days, and sent on his tent to the next stage, intending to have preceeded the following morning. Owing to the heat of the weather he had his cot brought out of a small tent he had with him, and lay down in the open air, and while asleep was awakened about midnight by the inhuman attack of the villains. Being totally unprepared, his arms being in the tent, he got off his cot with the view of escaping, when a dreadful cut in the back of the head brought him to the ground, having previously received four deep cuts in the back, and another in the elbow. He was brought into Jaulnah, and expired about 12 hours after his arrival. Some tat makers belonging to Jaulna, who were bringing tats into that place, and were encamped within 40 yards of Lieutenant Bennet's tent, have been taken up on suspicion, several large crooked knives found on their persons being stained with blood. The motives of the murderers for committing such a crime it is impossible to guess at, as the property in the tent, which they afterwards carried away with them, might have been carried off without its being known. The murder was therefore as wanton a one as has ever been perpetrated.

On the 15th instant, Mr. Conductor Thomas Westford, of the Ordnance Department, aged 27 years, sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

At Belgaum, on the evening of the 17th inst. Mr. John Benoist, Medical Apprentice, attached to the 1st Bombay European Regiment, aged 16 years and 4 months. This youth promised to be a bright ornament to his profession. His loss will be severely felt by the Corps to which he belonged. He united a zealous and active attention to his duties with agreeable manners and a benevolent disposition rarely blended in one person, causing himself to be beloved and his memory respected by all who knew him.

On the 23d instant, Mrs. Maria Sebastiana Pereira, aged 40 years. She was the widow of the late Joseph F. Pereira, Esq. the respectable head of the mercantile house of Pereira and Sobrinho, at this place, Mrs. Pareira came to her premature death by an attack of the colic, which carried her off within 8 days of illness. She possessed amiable disposition in a high degree, and her hospitality endeared her to all who were acquainted with her. By her death, two surviving sons and two daughters have been deprived of a fond parent, whose chief care seemed directed towards their comfort; and her friends and relations deplore in the loss of her that unassuming affability with which she was always ready to bid them welcome. The only consolation she has left behind, is that she died perfectly resigned to the will of her Maker, and that her memory will long be cherished by all who knew her.

On the 29th Inst. the wife of Mr. G. A. Trotter, Assistant to the Collector of Customs leaving a husband and six children to lament their inestimable loss.

At Surat, on the 21st May, Mrs. Kayana h Arratoon Bagdassar, aged 41 years.

At Bushire, on the 23d of April, Captain George Herne, commanding the H. C. C. Benares, from fever caught at Katiff, while stationed off that port a few days previous.

His character as a public officer stood high, and in private life it was that of a cheerful, open-hearted companion, sincere in his friendship, which endeared him, to all who knew him.

At Bassador on the 7th May, Lieut. Frederick W. Powell, of the H. C. Cruizer Benares, much regretted by all who knew him.

He had only a few days before attended this remains of his commander to the grave, when he was himself seized with fever, which terminated so fatally.

At Calcutta, on the 1st April, Mr. Archabald Shellds, Hospital steward to his Majesty's 47th Regt. most sincerely and deservedly lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Died of Cholera at Ahmedabad on the 13th of April last Major Charles Gray Commanding the 4th Regt. N. I. This lamented event, which has deprived his sorrowing widow and helpless Child of their only Earthly support, was occasioned by his anxiety exertions in behalf of the numerous victims from his own Regt. to that merciless scourge Cholera. Thus consistently, in Offices of humanity, terminated his zealous and conscientious career. During a service of about 25 years Major Gray was often actively employed. He was the last survivors of the little gallant band of the 2d Native I. whose services and sufferings in the campaigns of arabia are so well known. To him was committed the destruction of Russel Khyma.

CALCUTTA.

MARRIAGE.—At Calcutta, on the 2d May, Mr. R. Oakeshott, H. C. Storekeeper at Amherst Island, to Elizabeth, second Daughter of the late R. H. Loving, Esq. of Essex, in the County of Middlesex.

BIRTHS.—At Hansi, on the 9th April, the Lady of Captain John Oliver, Assistant to the Honorable Company's stud at Hissar, of a Daughter.

At Muttra, on the 15th April, the Lady of Lieut. Pennefather, of the 3d Light Cavalry of a Daughter.

At Sultanpore, Benares, on the 27th April, the Lady of Lieutenant J. A. Scott, 1st Regiment Light Cavalry, of a Son.

At Calcutta, on the 5th May, the Lady of Captain R. L. Laws, of a Son.

DEATHS.—On board the Palmyra, on the 26th Nov. Roderick Robertson, Esq. late of this City.

At Calcutta, on the 17th April, Mrs, Jane Fallen, aged 29 years.

At Aurungabad, on the 20th April, Captain Barnett, of the Bengal Establishment.

At Calcutta, on the 21st April, Mrs. Rose Domergue aged 23 years.

At Bhaugulpore, on the 27th April, Lieut. Colonel William Ball, Superintendent of Invalid Thannas at that place.

At Chinsurah, on the 29th April, Isabella Jane, youngest Daughter of the Reverend William Morton, Minister of Chinsurah, aged 7 years and 5 months.

At Chandernagore, on the 30th April, aged 41 years, Caroline Olivia Clare, mother of the above infant, and for upwards of 15 years the faithful wife of the Reverend William Morton.

At Fort William, on the 30th April, Lieut. Eyre Massay Frome, of His Majesty's 47th Regiment.

At Calcutta, on the 30th April, Mr. Samuel Smith, Pensioner in the Civil Department, aged 58 years.

At Calcutta, on the 1st May, Mrs. Mary Solitude, Wife of Mr. James Solitude, aged 36 years.

At Calcutta, on the 3d May, the infant Son of the late Jonathan Eliot, Esq.

At Entally, Calcutta, on the 4th May, at the early age of 26, Francis St. George Farquharson,

Esq. youngest Son of the late ——— Farquarson, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service.

In Fort William, on the 4th May, Capt. W. Webster, of his Majesty's 67th Regiment, aged 40 years.

At Fort William, on the 7th May, Captain Robert Mitton, Paymaster of His Majesty's 47th Regiment, aged 41 years.

At Calcutta, on the 8th May, Mrs. Sarah Mills, the Wife of the late John Mills, Esq. aged 85 years, 5 months and 24 days.

MADRAS.

BIRTHS.—At New Town, Vepery, on the 28th April, Mrs. A. M. Ross, of a Son.

At Quilon, on the 3d May, the Lady of Captain W. B. Cunningham, Major of Brigade, of a Son.

At Bangalore, on the 6th May, the Lady of Major Macqueen, 36th Regiment, of a Son.

On the 7th May, in Fort St. George, the Lady of Captain J. Grant, Paymaster of H. Majesty's 89th Regiment, of a Son.

DEATHS.—At Rangoon, on the 10th of March, Lieut. H. Gray, H. M. Royal Regiment.

At Bangalore, on the 6th May, Samuel George Gordon, the infant Son of Captain Hodgson, Brigade Major in Mysore.

CALCUTTA.

BENGAL HURKARU, MAY 10.

A London morning paper has the following announcement. Horace Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, will shortly publish an Historical Novel in three volumes, called *Brambletye House*, founded upon the period of our history, on which at present the pen of the *Great, Known, Unknown*, is employed.

BENGAL HURKARU, MAY 11.

Late letters from London, mention, that Messrs. Elphinstone, Huddlestone, Daniel and Money, Directors of the East India Company, had resigned, and, that it was fully understood, that Messrs. Henry Alexander, James Stuart, Sir R. Farquhar and Henry St. J. Tucker, would succeed to the vacancies without opposition.

MADRAS.

MADRAS GAZETTE, MAY 20, 1826.

We have the pleasure to announce the arrival in the roads on Wednesday last of the Ship *Ganges*, Captain Lloyd, from London the 20th of January last.

PASSENGERS.

For Madras:—Captain and Mrs. Norfer and family.

For Calcutta:—Mrs. Bracken, Mrs. Abercrombe, Mr. Bracken, Mr. Abercrombe, Miss Amelia Abercrombe, Miss Isabella Abercrombe, Mr. W. Abercrombe, and Mr. —— Abercrombe.

EUROPE.

CURIOUS FOX HUNT.—Captain Jones's hounds having joined Mr. Smith's crack pack, met a few days ago at Aymestry, where they found two foxes; the hounds divided, the greater part of them following one fox to Aymestry Croft, close to Uxminster, back again to Croft Gatley, thence to the Hay's park, and from that place to the seat of —— Salway, Esq. where they killed, only three out of a large field being in at the death. Seven of the hounds took the other fox away round the neighbouring woods, where, after a gallant run of five hours, Reynard surrendered his brush.

A few days ago, as Stephen Stubberfield, game-keeper to Sir Charles Lamb, of Beauport, near Battle, was looking after the game in the preserves with a single harrier, he unkennelled a fine dog fox, which after a chace of fifty minutes, the harrier came up with, and a sharp battle ensued between them, and continued till the game-keeper arrived at the spot, and put an end to it by shooting the fox, which weighed twenty pounds.

The following curious information is detailed in a letter from a gentleman in Alva to a friend. —A curious discovery has been made here within these few days. In making a cut, to convey the water to the new mills, across a piece of ground which has been occupied time immemorial as garden ground, and which for many years was a garden belonging to my father when I was a boy at school, the workmen, when about three or four feet below the surface, turned up a quantity of human bones; and as they proceeded with their labours, they turned up one heap after another, to the number of eight or nine, and upon examining them attentively, they found that the bodies had been laid in graves parallel to each other, and made east and west in the ordinary way. The bones of the skull were invariably found at the west end of the grave, a proof that the bodies had been regularly interred. One of the skulls was nearly entire, and some of the teeth quite fresh. All the rest of the bones were much wasted. Any of the bones that I saw, except a portion of the parietal bone, crumbled into dust upon being touched. No vestige of the wood of the coffin could be perceived, but the graves could be distinctly traced; and one grave, which they cut across, seemed to contain nothing but a kind of black soft earth. The ground is situated on an eminence in a small hamlet called Strude, is in general several feet above the surrounding ground but bore no marks upon the surface to lead to the suspicion of its ever being a burying-ground, nor is there any record or tradition of its ever having been used for that purpose.—*Stirling Journal.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE. —An aged and respectable member of the law profession in Glasgow, who died lately, had engaged tradesmen, about twelve months ago, to place an elegant iron railing around his burying-ground, in the High Church-yard, but they were prevented by other engagements from finishing it at once, and thus put their employer to the trouble of many visits, for the purpose of hastening the work, and at last he was obliged to threaten that he would engage the services of others. This had the desired effect. The job was completed on Saturday week, and the owner—died on Monday morning—*Scots Times.*

SINGULAR FACT.—During the last fortnight there has not been a single debtor in the jail of Dumfries; a circumstance that never occurred before in the memory of the oldest man of business in town. During the last six years, the highest number of commitments for debt was twenty; the lowest, two; and the average about seven. Defective as it is in the means of classification, our jail is reckoned the only perfectly safe one in a pretty wide district of country; and for the better half of it to be without a tenant for weeks together, is indeed something new under the sun. What is still more consoling, there has been only one criminal committed since the 23d of July; and if things go on at this rate, the lawyers will literally want a job, and our Magistrates will have to exhibit a huge ticket with the words painted on it—"A Jail to be Let."—*Dumfries Courier.*

NO BUBBLE.—A wager was made a few days ago by two tradesmen of Brighton—one of them a close-set *little one*, and the other a very tall athletic man, in consequence of the latter boasting of his superior strength of body, by which the little one undertook to carry a considerable distance "two sacks of wheat, each to contain four bushels, 60lbs. weight." The little one, accordingly, procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then drawing the other sack over it, contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The stake-holder decided that both sacks did contain the quantity agreed on, and the money was handed over.—*Bell's Life in London.*

A shocking accident occurred on Saturday afternoon at St. Leonard's, the seat of W. G. Coesvelt, Esq., near Ingatestone, by which Isaac Tyrrell, the head gardener, and Wm. Ram, his assistant, lost their lives. They had, with others, been occupied in collecting ice from a pond on the premises. Whilst their companions were engaged at the icehouse, they imprudently ventured into a small boat for the purpose of floating some loose pieces of ice to a particular part of the pond; having advanced to the deepest part, the boat upset, and precipitated them into the water: neither of them could swim. In a few minutes they were missed, and their sad fate was indicated by their hats floating on the surface. Though assistance was promptly rendered, it was nearly an hour before the bodies could be discovered. The vital spark was extinct. Tyrrell has left a wife and two small children to deplore his untimely end.—*Essex Mercury.*

On Wednesday night between eight and nine o'clock, two men, accompanied by two females, one of the latter carrying a child, went into the house of Duncan Mackenzie, publican, No. 118, cannongate, where they called for a half-mutchkin of whisky toddy, for which they paid, and having remained ten or twelve minutes, left the house, when it was discovered they had taken with them a feather pillow, and left in its stead an infant boy, apparently from two to three months old. The child was decently dressed, and there were spare linens wrapped about it sufficient for another dress. It is to be hoped that the whole actors in this disreputable and criminal affair will be discovered, and punished as they deserve. As it is, the child clearly falls a charge upon the parish. Neither of the females seemed to be the mother of the child, the one being an old woman, and the other quite a girl. From their dialect it is supposed they were from the west country.—*Edinburgh paper.*

MEN OF STRAW.—A modern traveller in Italy relates the following whimsical account of a *ruse de guerre* practised by a highway robber:—"My companions in the Diligence were all on the *qui vive*, for the carriage had been stopped and robbed two evenings before, by a single footpad. This fellow had practised a most ingenious and daring stratagem to effect his purpose. He manufactured ten figures of straw, who, in the duskiness of the night, appeared armed with fusees and sabres: he drew up in the road in battle array, and having taken his post a little in advance of his corps, he ordered the Diligence to stop, threatening, if the least resistance was offered to call up his companions, and put all the passengers to death. In this manner he laid the whole party under contribu-

bution, amongst whom were two Spanish merchants, with their servants, whose purses were heavily laden, and who were well armed." *The Mor. Chro.*

CRIM. CON.—Paris, Dec. 30.—Yesterday the Tribunal of Correctional Police was occupied with a case of adultery—a very rare occurrence before the tribunals of the capital, which must be owing either to the very Penelope-like conduct of the Parisian wives, or the very philosophic resignation of their husbands. With the latter quality M. C., the present plaintiff, an elastic probe and bandage-maker, seems not to have been gifted, as he thought proper to make the public the confident of his matrimonial misfortunes, and call upon the minister of the law to avenge his outraged honour. The defendant, M. Leblanc, a manufacturer of pianos and elastic probes, seems to have been actuated in his too frequent visits to M. C.'s establishment, by the twofold motive of surprising the affections of his wife, and also a certain important secret in the construction of his elastic probes. M. C.'s suspicions, both as a husband and a manufacturer, were soon awakened by the rather too curious examination by M. Leblanc of his elastic probes, and his rather too particular attention to Madame C. The consequence was a furious excess of commercial and martial jealousy. His doors were closed against M. Leblanc, and if the evil tongues of the neighbourhood are to be believed, Madame C. received a very pretty considerable (as the Americans have it) correction from the conjugal arm. These rigorous measures failed, as indeed they generally do, of the desired effect. In the commencemeut of November Madame C. quitted her husband's house, carrying away her jewels, two hundred francs in money, various Cachemere shawls, and, "unkindest cut of all," the secret of M. C.'s elastic probes. For ten days M. C. made the most unwearied endeavours to recover his wife or at least his secret. On the eleventh day early in the morning, he repaired, with the Commissary of Police, to M. Leblanc's domicile. M. Leblanc was found in his bedroom alone; but on the bed lay a pair of stays and other articles of female apparel, that M. C. had no difficulty in recognizing. Madame C. had, it appeared, escaped out of the house, in a very Eve-like costume, and taken refuge with a midwife in the neighbourhood; whither, however, the keen scent of the Commissary of Police enabled him to follow her, accompanied by M. C. On their entrance, Madame C., according to immemorial usage, fainted away, and long and fruitless were the endeavours of those present to recall her to life. The Commissary of police, at length succeeded by the following ingenious method:—He whispered in her ear that M. C. had gone away, and that M. Leblanc had come into the room and wished to speak to her. At this magical name exhausted nature resumed her wonted energy and Madame C. became herself again, and was led off to prison. Such were the principal facts which determined the Judges to sentence Madame C. to six moths' imprisonment, and Leblanc to three.

A woman named Happey has been twice before the Court of Assize of Gueret (Creuse), for the murder, by poisoning, of Gabrielle Maupertius, the wife of Francois Boutet. It appeared from the proceeding that Boutet and his wife lived on the best terms with each other, until Antoinette Happey entered their service. Between this woman and Boutet a criminal connexion took place, which was followed by the most insulting and cruel treatment towards Boutet's wife. When in the house she was confined in a dark and noisome chamber; and if she went out, on her return she found the doors of the house closed against her, and she was often obliged of a winter's night to wander about, through rain or snow, till some of the neighbours afforded her shelter. She was so alarmed by the menaces of the woman Happey, that it was with fear and trembling she partook of the food given her. She frequently showed her neighbours the marks of the blows given her by her servant, who also instigated her own children to abuse and strike her. On the 2d of last February Boutet, the husband, went to Paris, leaving Antoinette Happey entire mistress of his house. From that moment the unfortunate Madame Boutet was not allowed to quit her room, nor were her relations or friends permitted to see her. One day, however, in the absence of Antoinette Happey, the mother and sister of Boutet came to see their daughter-in-law, and found her lying upon straw, covered with vermin, and almost dead from haunger. She told them that for the last three days she had had no food. On Happey's return, when she saw that the room had been cleaned up, and clean sheets given to her mistress, she fell into a furious passion, and said to those present, "It is all one, you shall never see her again;" and added, in throwing a piece of black bread upon the bed, "may that be your last!" Some time before the death of Madame Boutet, her servant Happey was seen gathering cantharides off the trees, and in doing which she made the son of her victim, a young boy, assist her. On the 3d and 4th of July, she boiled some barley with milk, and sent it to Madame Boutet by her own (Madame Boutet's) child. On the 5th, at nine o'clock in the morning, Antoinette Happey went with tears and cries to inform the neighbours that her mistress was dead, though she had not before mentioned her having been sick. in the midst of her pretended sorrow she showed a great anxiety to have the body speedily interred; but suspicions being entertained of foul play with regard to the deceased, the body was opened, and a considerable quantity of cantharides mixed with barley found in the stomach and intestines. When Antoinette Happey heard that the body was about to be opened, she exclaimed, "In that case, I sentence myself to go to prison." A majority of seven of the jury found Antoinette Happey guilty, and the members of the Court being of the same opinion, she was condemned to death. The prisoner appeared perfectly unmoved on hearing her sentence, and immediately declared her intention to appeal.

THE LATE DR. HUNTER ON INFANTICIDE.

An unfortunate mother, lately tried for infanticide in the South of France, is said to have been indebted for her liberty to the circumstance of the Counsel who defended her having produced a conviction of her innocence in the minds of the Jury, by the lecture of the subjoined observations. He stated that the paper he was about to read contained certain remarks made by an eminent English physiologist named Hunter. He understood that this excellent and praiseworthy information was communicated by the Doctor, in the presence of the Royal Society of London, many years ago; but, he believed this valuable document had never appeared in print. He added that these reflections could not be too widely spread, and that it were well that every man, who was in a situation to be placed on a Jury, should impress them strongly on his memory.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Hunter, from the sesult of long experiences, I will take upon myself to say, that females, in a state of pregnancy, and afraid of acknowledging their situation, are in most cases, objects worthy of our greatest pity, and, in general, less culpable than we are inclined to suppose. The crime and the barbarity are always on the side of the father of the infant. The mother is weak, credulous, and deceived; the seducer, having obtained his ends, thinks no longer of his promises. The unfortunate girl finds herself betrayed, deprived of her love, of the attentions and the assistance which she fondly expected to receive, condemned henceforth to struggle as she can against sickness, poverty, shame—in one word, against a total abandonment. A dishonest woman can never be reduced to this deplorable state. because she is insensible to opprobrium; but she who, possessing a strong sense of honour, wishes to merit the approbation of the world, has often not the strength of mind to support the misfortunes I have described. Driven to a state of distraction, she terminates an existence which has become insupportable, and what man, with a spark of pity in his breast, would insult the memory of the wretched female?

"If she had not listened to the vows and perfidious protestations of our sex, she might, during a long and happy life, have been a tender and chaste spouse, a virtuous and respected mother. This reflection puting a climax to her despair, she comes to the resolution of launching into eternity.

"It will be objected that her crime is the more serious, as the stroke which deprives her of life destroys also her infant. Let us beware of thinking that the act of killing is always murder! It deserves this name only when it is effected willingly, and with a guilty intention; but when a person is driven to it by a frenzy which originates in despair, will it appear more reprehensible to the ALMIGHTY than if it were committed when labouring under an attack of burning fever, or in a state of absolute madness? It would then excite the same degree of pity as of horor. We should be well acquainted with the peculiar circumstances and facts which form what is called infanticide, and tremble in deciding that such a person has been guilty of a crime which requires the just severity of the law.

"Undoubtedly, a premeditated design may lead a mother to deprive a weak and innocent being of its life; it then becomes a crime not only contrary to the most universal law of humanity, but also contrary to that powerful instinct which, for salutary and wise motives, the Creators has implanted in the bosom of every mother, and which leads her to sacrifice all feelings to the preservation of her offspring. The most charitable mode of construing this barbarous act (and I hope to God that probability might appear favourable), would be to consider the act as an accidental derangement of mind.

"But, as far as I am able to judge, the greater number of these pretended murders are far from deserving this name. The mother cannot sustain the idea of her shame, and is evidently anxious to preserve her reputation. She was virtuous and esteemed; she does not feel sufficient courage to await for and acknowledge her infamy. Hope abandons her by degrees; she fancies that she may be mistaken with respect to her pregnancy, or that some accident may occur to prevent the exposure, yet danger approaches and increases every day; fear and despair hold possession of her mind, become guilty of suicide, if they did not know that such an act would cause, infallibly, judicial proceedings, which would disclose the circumstance they are so desirous to keep a secret. In this perplexity, when the idea of destroying their infant does not enter their thoughts, they frame different schemes to conceal its birth, but difficulties of every kind stare them in the face. They are unable to come to a resolution nor do they sufficiently contemplate the arrival of the fatal moment, and calculating too much on chance and events, they are taken unawares; all their plans are destroyed, grief and pain deprive them of their reasoning faculties. If their weakness is not extreme, they escape, in the

mindst of their sufferings, to some private spot, where fear and their bewildered senses have conducted them, and the accouchement takes place; they faint, and are consequently unable to pay attention to what is happening. In recovering their senses they find the infant has expired. Is it to be expected that they should divulge their secret, when revealing it can answer no purpose? Do not their most honest inclinations induce them to preserve their good name? They endeavour to conceal, in the best way they are able, every trace of the event, well knowing that if a discovery be made, the fact of concealment would prove against them.

"I have generally observed. that the more a woman repented her weakness, the more difficulty I experienced in making her confess, and this is natural. Among the many examples I could mention, I select the two following:—I once dissected two young females, who, during their life, enjoyed a spotless reputation. I attended them professionally during their illness, and was deceived by both. One of them, however, had raised some distrust in my mind, and I endeavoured with all my power to make her confess what I suspected. I had promised to do every thing I could to prevent any discovery being made, but she resisted all my efforts with a determined and obstinate denial: they both expired, after suffering the most excruciating pains. When the bodies were about to be removed, in one of the beds a dead infant was discovered; it had not attained its full growth, and was stretched by the side of its unfortunate mother. Nearly the same circumstances occurred with respect to the other female, except that the infant was not born. Here we see what patience and fortitude the fear of shame is capable of inspiring.

"A young girl in a state of pregnancy, and who had concealed the fact, was delivered during the night; she was suspected—search was made, and an infant enveloped in linen was found in a trunk; she confessed that she was the mother, but denied having destroyed it, or of having such an intention. I opened the body of the infant, in the presenee of Mr. Pinkton, and the lungs floated when we placed them in water. The mother stated that she was in the service of a mistress who was extremely attached to her on account of her honesty and good conduct; she intended to leave her situation, but then she reflected that suspicions would arise, and no means would be left untried to ascertain the real motive of her departure; if a discovery was made, her ruin would be complete. In this anguish of mind she remained irresolute as to the conduct it was proper to pursue; she prepared some baby linen, and this circumstance pleaded strongly in her favour; she engaged in the neighbourhood a furnished room, which she requested the landlady to hold in readiness to receive a female whose accouchement was shortly to take place; her plan was to run thither the moment she felt the first symptoms, and immediately to send for a midwife; she then intended to return to the house of her mistress in a few hours, and assign some pretext for her absence. She had heard that soldies' wives had sometimes been delivered in fields, had taken up their infant, and had followed the husband upon his march; she fancied that she was able to do as much. During the night that preceded the accouchement, she experienced pain; she dressed herself for the purpose of keeping herself warm, and to be able to proceed to the room she had hired, if the pains increased. After waiting some time, she was suddenly seized with fear, & such dreadful grief, that she was totally deprived of strength & courage sufficient to go down stairs & cross the street in the dark. Giving herself up to despair, she fell upon her bed & swooned. When she came to herself. she saw a dead infant by her side. Her first care was devoted to her infant; but having ascertained that it was dead, she began to consider what was to be done. Morning approaching, she got up, covered the dead infant with some linen, and placed it in the trunk. She arranged her chamber, and went to bed again. The landlady, whose room she had engaged, being put upon her oath, was examined. This woman had received a small sum in advance, and made no inquiries respecting the person who was to become her lodger; she recognised the servant immediately she saw her; Mr. Pinkton and myself declared that she appeared entitled to be believed, and at the same time we proved to the Jury, that the fact of the lungs floating in water did not prove against the prisoner. She was acquitted, and I have the satisfaction of thinking that she was really innocent.

"On similar occasions, we are too frequently inclined to be prejudiced, and when we see a manifest intention of concealing the birth of the infant, we conclude that there was a plan formed to destroy it; we weigh all the circumstances by this erroneous impression. If it was not thus, we say, why did the mother act such or such a manner? These questions would have an appearance of being founded in justice, and proper conclusions might be inferred, if the accused person had acted with a cool deliberate mind; but when we reflect that she is violently agitated by conflicting passions and fears, the more her conduct is contrary to reason, the more it becomes natural. It is, moreover, extremely difficult to judge with certainty, on examining the body of an infant, whether its death was natural or occasioned by violent means. Natural accidents, such as the swelling of the head, the black or very red colour of the face, the lungs that float when immersed in water, are frequently taken for indications of a violent death. If an infant breathe only one second and die instantly, the lungs would float as if the infant had breathed a longer time, and had afterwards been suffocated. An infant breathes generally the instant its mouth is exposed to the air; thence it follows, that the infant may die before the body appears, particularly when there is a considerable interval between what may be called the birth of the head and of the body, and if this happen when the mother is surrounded with assistance of every kind, with much greater reason may it happen when she is deprived of all succour.

"We often see infants, either from natural imperfections or the nature of the accouchement, whose lives are extremely precarious, and who having breathed for some minutes or hours, cease to exist in spite of all our care; and why should not this misfortune happen to females when completely abandoned to themselves? Sometimes an infant comes into the world so feeble, that it cannot fail dying if left to itself, and nevertheless life would have been preserved if the precaution had been used of breathing in its mouth, and of applying warm clothing, of giving it *volatile alkali*, rubbing it, &c.; but in the circumstances spoken of, how can these precautions be taken?

"When a female is without attendants, an infant well formed may be born full of life, and expire in a few minutes, either because it remains with its face among linen, which intercepts the passage of the air, or even because its respiration may attract some linen towards its mouth and nose. An unfortunate female, who is alone, whose mind is disturbed, and whose body is extenuated, will possess neither sufficient strength nor reflection to fly immediately to the assistance of her infant,"—*The Morn. Chro.*

"Kelly's Reminiscences."

It would be wonderful if a man, who has lived so much in the society of distinguished men as Mr. Kelly, should not produce interesting Memoirs. Of the present work, we may safely predict that it will be more read than works of higher pretensions.

The anecdotes respecting eminent individuals, naturally claim a preference in the way of extracts. With Mr. Kelly, Sheridan, in particular, seems to have been on the most intimate footing.

The following anecdotes relating to very different individuals, is not without its applicability at the present moment:—

"About the same time a less agreeable incident occurred to me, which, although of purely domestic nature, may be serviceably mentioned here, in order to put others on their guard under similar circumstances. I had advertised in the Newspapers that I was in want of a man servant; a middle-aged man, came after the place—an Irishman. He said he had lived with a gentleman of fortune, of the name of Pritchard, who resided chiefly at his country house at Epping Forest, but was often at an hotel in Southampton-street; if I could make it convenient to call there the next day, he would be in town, and I might get his character. I went the next day to the hotel; the waiter informed me that Mr, Pritchard had been there, and waited for me as long as he could, but would call upon me in Lisle-street. When I returned to dinner, Mrs. Crouch told me that an elderly gentleman in deep mourning, of the name of Pritchard, had called on me in a job carriage. She described, him as a particularly interesting old gentleman. He gave the Irishman an excellent character, and said that he should not have parted with him on any account, but that having recently become a widower, he felt it necessary to reduce his establishment. Mrs. Crouch gave so favourable description of the elderly gentleman, and the elderly gentleman had given her such a favourable description of his Irish servant, that we were perfectly satisfied, and the man was directed to come to his place. After he had been in my service some days (it was winter time), Mrs. Crouch's own maid came into my room, about four o'clock in the morning, and said she heard such a noise in the passage, as convinced her somebody was endeavouring to break into the house. I rose, and crept softly to the head of the stairs, and listened, when I heard the respectable Hibernian *protegé* of the highly respectable gentleman from Epping Forest say—"Be quiet; the maid servants are not gone to bed, come back in an hour; the plate is in the back drawing-room." This was pretty conclusive evidence of the liberal intentions of my new servant, touching the disposition of my property. I immediately got my sword, and proceeded to the passage, where I found the object of my search. I told him that if he stirred one inch, I would run him through the body. In the mean time one of the maids called a watchman, and the culprit was confined to the coal cellar for the rest of the night. In the morning I consulted Mr. Holloway, my solicitor, as to my future conduct in the business; and he knowing professionally the difficulties, doubts, and expense of prosecuting and punishing criminals, advised me to profit by my experience, and turn the fellow away. I followed his advice, and discharged my servant. One morning, about six weeks afterwards, while I was at the Opera House attending a rehearsal, a Bow-street officer came to me from Mr. Bond with his compliments, to request my immediate attendance at the police office. I obeyed, and to my great astonishment, found seated on the bench beside the Magistrates, Mrs. Crouch and her sister, Mrs. Horrebow, my *ci devant* Hibernian servant at the bar, in custody, in company with his ally, the respectable elderly gentleman who had so liberally given his friend that which he had not himself, a character. He was however no longer dressed in mourning, but in a light coloured coat all in tatters, looking quite miserable. It appeared, that through the recommendation of Mr. Pritchard, the worthy Irishman got into the service of a Clergyman at Clerkenwell, into whose house one night, the family being all at rest, he admitted two thieves, who stripped it of every thing moveable. Upon close examination of the circumstances, it turned out that he belonged to a gang of housebreakers who kept Mr. Pritchard in pay for the express purpose of giving false characters. Mr. Pritchard was sent to Newgate, and the Irishman, having been found

guilty at the Old Bailey, was hanged, after having confessed the commission of innumerable atrocities."

The following two anecdotes of Sheridan will be read just now with some interest. "Another instance of his (Sheridan's) neglect for his own interest came (amongst many others) to my knowledge. He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late Majesty, who was then at Windsor; it was on some point which he wished to carry for the good of the Theatre. He mentioned it to his present Majesty, who, with the kindness which on every occasion he shewed him, did him the honour to say he would take him to Windsor himself, and appointed him to be at Carlton-house, at eleven o'clock." That he might be in readiness to attend his Majesty, he slept at Mr. Kelly's, who went out of town to accommodate him. "I got home," continues Mr Kelly, "about four o'clock in the afternoon, and when I was told by my servant that Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs fast asleep—that he had been sent for several times from Carlton-house but nothing could prevail on him to get up. It appears that in about an hour after I left town, he called at the Saloon, and told my servant maid that he knew she had a dinner fit for a King in the house, a cold roast neck of mutton, and asked her if she had any wine? She told him there were in a closet five bottles of port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy, the whole of which I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed. On hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from the pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner. Kemble came to him in the evening, they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury lane Theatre; and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble still kept on saying, "indeed we must seek for novelty, or the theatre will sink; novelty and novelty alone can prop it." "Then," replied 'Sheridan with a smile, "if you want novelty, act *Hamlet*, and have music played between your pauses."

At Bangor Madame Catalani heard the Welsh harp for the first time. The old blind harper of the house was in the kitchen: thither she went, and seemed delighted with the wild and plaintive music which he played; but when he struck up a Welsh jig, she darted up before all the kitchen, and danced as if she were wild. I thought she never would have finished, and, on quitting the kitchen, gave the harper two guineas.

The following story was told, says Mr. Kelly, to prove the predilection which some of our countrymen formerly had for getting into scrapes when they first arrived in London:—

The night Mr. Mac Nally's Opera of *Robin Hood* was brought out at Covent-garden Theatre, a young Irish friend of his, on his first visit to London, was seated on the second seat of the front boxes; on the front row were two gentlemen, who at the close of the first act, were saying how much they liked the Opera, and that it did great credit to Mrs. Cowley, who wrote it. On hearing this, my Irish friend got up, and tapping one of them on the shoulder, said to him, 'Sir, *you* say that this Opera was written by Mrs. Cowley; now *I* say it was not; this Opera was written by Leonard Mac Nally, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of No. 5, Pump-court, in the Temple. Do you take my word for it?" "Most certainly, Sir," replied the astonished Gentleman, and I feel very much obliged for the information you have so politely given me." "Umph," very well, Sir, said he, and sat down. At the end of the second act he got up and again accosted the same gentleman, saying, "Sir, upon your honour, as a Gentleman, are you, in your mind, satisfied that Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. Barrister at Law, of No. 5, Pump-court, Temple, has actually written this Opera, and not Mrs. Cowley?" "Most perfectly persuaded of it, Sir," said the gentleman bowing. "Then, Sir," said the young Irishman, "I wish you a good night, but just as he was leaving the box, he turned to the gentleman whom he had been addressing, and said, "Pray, Sir, permit me to ask, is your friend there convinced that this opera was written by Mr. Mac Nally, barrister at law, of No. 5, Pump Court, in the Temple?" "Decidely, Sir," was the reply, "we are both fully convinced of the correctness of your statement." —"Oh t then, if that is the case, I have nothing more to say," said the Hibernian, "except that if you had not both assured me you were so, neither of you should be sitting quite so easy in your seats as you do now."

Trifling occurrences during childhood, often influence our future lives. I recollect once, when returning from a visit to a relation of my mother's, I saw Signor St. Giorgio enter a fruit shop; he proceeded to eat peaches and nectarines, and at last took a pine apple, and deliberately sliced and ate that. This completed my longing, and while my mouth watered, I asked myself why, if I assiduously studied music, I should not be able to earn money enough to lounge about in fruit shops, and eat peaches and pine apples, as well as Signor St. Giorgio. I answered myself, by promising that I would study hard; and I really did so---& trifling as this little anecdote may appear, I firmly believe it was the chief cause of my serious resolution to follow up music as a profession, for my father had other views for me. His intention was to place me under Surgeon Neale, one of his oldest friends, who, independently of his profession, ranked as one of the first violin-players of his time; he had a most powerful hand, and his tone, expression, and taste, nothing could surpass. His celebrity for playing Correlli's and Geminiani's was so great, that, singular to say, in the year 1787 he was commanded by King George III. to go to London, where he had the honour of performing before his Majesty several times, and his Majesty expressed the greatest approbation of his extraordinary powers. . . . . .

I dined with Signora Baligeona and Signor Soderini, who had just returned from England, where he had been for several years one of the violin players at the Opera-house while Giardini was leader. He was one of the ugliest men I ever beheld. When M. Fanar was Ballet Master, Soderini went on the stage and said to him, "Allow me, dear Sir, to introduce myself to you; you are the dearest friend I have upon earth; let me thank you a thousand times for the happiness you have conferred on me by coming amongst us; command me in any way, for whatever I do for you, I can never sufficiently repay you." The Ballet Master, who had never seen or heard of Soderini before, was astounded; at last he said, "Pray, Sir, to what peculiar piece of good fortune may I attribute the compliments and professions with which you favour me?"—"To your unparalleled ugliness, my dear Sir," replied Soderini, "for, before *your* arrival, I was considered the ugliest man in Great Britain.' The Balletmaster (strange to say, since he really was so ugly) took the joke in good part, and they became extremely intimate, but amiable as they were to each other, they were universally known as the ugly couple! This anecdote Soderini told me himself.

The opera in which I was to make my appearance at Florence, was *Il Francese in Italia*. I was to play the Frenchman. The eventful night fixed for my first appearance arrived; I made my *debut*, and received (was honoured with) a most flattering reception * * * I was the first British male singer who had ever sung in Italy, or indeed on the Continent. Many persons of distinction patronized my first appearance, which was honoured by the presence of the Pretender, who entered his box before the opera began. He was at that time very old and infirm, yet there appeared the remains of a very handsome man; he was tall, but stooped considerably, and was usually supported by two of his suite, between whom he hobbled to one of the theatres every night (he had a box in each). In a few minutes after he was seated, he fell asleep, and continued to slumber during the whole performance. The Italians always called him King of England, and he had the Arms of England over the gates of his Palace, and his servants wore the Royal livery. The Order of the Garter, which he wore when I saw him he left to his natural daughter, the Princess Stolberg.

I had a letter to deliver to a Bolognese Nobleman, Signor Ferussini, a singular character, though a worthy man. He was frightfully ugly, and hump backed, yet he was afflicted with the disease of supposing every woman who saw him was in love with him. He was rich, and spared no expense to set off his "charms" to the best advantage. I was waiting for him one morning, when he came from his toilette dressed in a new suit of the richest and most expensive quality, painted, patched, and made up in the best possible way. He placed himself before a large mirror, and indulged himself thus:—"I am handsome, young, and amiable; the women follow me, and I am healthy and rich; what on earth do I want?" "Common sense, you rascal," exclaimed his father (who had just entered the room), in a fury and knocked him down. Even the immortal Liston might take a lesson in the ludicrous from my astonished Adonis!

Ariosto (the *mad* poet) one day passing a potter's shop in Ferrara, heard the owner singing a stanza of the Orlando Furioso. He listened, and found that the potter mangled it miserably, rendering a most beautiful passage rank nonsense. This so enraged the poet, that having a stick in his hand, he broke every thing he could reach. When the poor devil of a potter remonstrated with him for destroying the property of a man who had never done him any injury, he replied, 'tis false; you have done me injury; you have murdered my verses, and I have caught you in the fact." When pressed to pay the poor man for his property, his only answer was, "let him learn to sing my poetry, and I will leave alone his pottery."

In the early part of his life, MORELLI, the singer, was Lord COWPER'S volante, or running footman. One night, when going to bed, his Lordship's attention was attracted by some one singing an air, from an opera then in vogue; the person was seated on the steps of a church, opposite to his Lordship's palace; the prodigious quality of the voice, the fine ear and excellent taste displayed, astonished his Lordship. He ordered his valet to inquire who the extraordinary performer could be; the valet replied, "that he knew very well; it was young GIOVANNI, one of his Lordship's volantes. His ear for music is so perfect," said the valet, "that whatever he hears he catches instantly: he often sings to the servants, and is the delight of us all." The following morning, GIOVANNI was ushered into his Lordship's breakfast room, where he sang several songs, in a style and with execution to surprise him still more! His Lordship ordered Signor MANSOLI, Signor VEROLLI, and CAMPRONI, Maestro di Capella to the Grand Duke, to hear him; they all declared it the finest voice they had ever heard and that he only wanted instruction to become the very first bass singer in the world! "Then," said Lord COWPER, "that he shall not want long; from this moment I take him under my protection, and he shall have the best instruction Italy can afford." His Lordship kept his word, and for two years MORELLI had the first masters that money could procure. At the end of that time he was engaged as primo buffo at Leghorn. He then went the round of all the principal theatres with great *eclat*. At the Teatro de la Valle, in Rome, he was perfectly idolized, often singing at the Carnival. He was engaged at the Pergola theatre; and his success on his return to Florence,

was triumphant indeed! I have often heard him say, that the proudest day of his life was that on which his former master, Lord COWPER, invited him to dine with him.

MOZART was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage he took copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige, but so very particular, when he played, that if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off.

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It was formerly the fashion of the day for the subscribers to the Opera to attend the rehearsals; amongst others, the late Duke of Queensberry was a constant attendant; no weather kept him away—there he was on the stage, muff and all. I had the pleasure, for many years, to be honoured with his peculiar notice; and have been frequently invited to his hospitable table, both in Piccadilly and at Richmond. In my intercourse with mankind, I never met his superior for worldly knowledge and acuteness; he was a Nobleman of polished manners, of the *vieille cour*: he had his foibles, it is true; but then, who has not? On Tuesdays and Saturdays he had generally a large dinner party of the French nobility, who were obliged to seek shelter in this country from the horrors of the Revolution; he was well aware that a French lady or gentleman is *au desespoir*, unless they can go to some spectacle; and he used the following delicate mode of indulging them in their favourite amusement, knowing that they were too poor to indulge themselves, and too proud to accept of pecuniary assistance. After coffee had been handed round, he used to ask, "who is going to the Italian Opera tonight? I long to use my family privilege." I was present one evening when the Duchess de Pienne asked him what this privilege meant? He said, it was that of writing admissions for the theatres to any amount he pleased, without entailing any expense. This was apparently a joyful hearing to the theatrical amateurs, and nine of the party went that evening to the Opera with his written admissions. He had previously made an arrangement with Mr. Jewel, the Opera-house Treasurer. and also with other theatres, that his orders were always to be admitted, and the next morning sent to his steward, who had directions, to pay the amount of the admissions which his Grace had sent in. This delicate manner of conferring a favour needs no comment. . . . . .

Great preparations were made for the performances of "Cymon," and I had a number of children brought to me, that I might choose a beautiful Cupid, who was to lay at the feet of Cymen. One child struck me with a fine pair of black eyes, who seemed, by his looks and little gestures, to be most anxious to be chosen as the representative of the God of Love. I chose him, and little did I imagine that my little Cupid would eventually become a great actor; the then little urchin was neither more nor less than Edmund Kean. He has told me, that he ever after this period felt a regard for me, from the circumstance my having preferred him to the other children.

It was during our stay at York, in 1791, that Mrs. Crouch and I had the pleasure of first seeing my worthy friend Elliston: he played Carlos with great judgment and feeling, considering his youth, and considering, moreover, that Kemble was the Zanga. He was particularly impressive in the speech of

"Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years."

I remember Mrs. Crouch said to me, "Depend upon it, that young man will be an excellent actor;" and her prophecy has been amply fulfilled.

On the 14th January, 1792, the Pantheon Theatre was burned. Mr. Sheridan was with me on that day; I went with him into Oxford-street to view the conflagration. While Mr. Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, "Is it possible to extinguish the flames?" An Irish fireman who was close to us, and heard him make the observation, said, "For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, Sir; by the powers it will soon be down, sure enough, for they won't have another drop of water in five minutes." Pat said this in the natural warmth of his heart, for he imagined that the burning of the Pantheon must be gratifying to Mr. Sheridan, as the proprietor of Drury-lane.

On the 24th January, 1793, there was not any Play performed, from respect to the memory of the unfortunate Monarch, Louis XVI., who was murdered in Paris on that day. Mr. Kemble, without consulting Mr. Sheridan, closed the Theatre. Mr. Sheridan, who was out of town, arrived late that evening, and finding there was no Play, came to my house in Suffolk-street, accompanied by the present Earl Grey, and was highly incensed at the shutting up of the Theatre upon such an occasion; for, he said, it was an invariable maxim with him, that neither politics nor religion should ever be taken notice of in his Play-house, though, I believe, on one deplored the tragical event more than he did. . . . . .

The acting of D'Egville, in Agamemnon, was inimitable. Noverre, as ballet-master, was the greatest master of his art, but he was a passionate little fellow. I once left the effects of his irritability. The horses attached to the car in which D'Egville was placed, were fed by two men from Astley's, one of whom was so drunk, that he could not go on the stage. I had been acting in the opera, but was so eager for the affray, and so anxious that things should go on right, that I had taken off my opera dress, and put on that of a Grecian supernumerary, and, with a vizor on my face, of course was not known. I held one of the horses, and all went correctly. I was standing behind the scenes talking to one of the men in my supernumerary dress, and perhaps rather loudly; Noverre, who was all fire and fury, came behind me and gave me a tremendous kick. "Faisez-vous, bete," exclaimed he; but when I took off my vizor, and Noverre found he had been kicking his manager, he made every possible apology, which I of course accepted, and laughed at the incident; at the same time begging him not to give another *striking* proof of his personal attention to the concern. By the way, the carpenters seemed by their looks, to say; that the kicking was better bestowed on *me* than on one of themselves; however, I can assure the reader it was the *manager's* last kick. . . . .

While we were waiting dinner for Mr. Sheridan, Kemble studied the prologue, which he was to speak the next night, and which consisted of fifty lines, and was perfect in every word of it before dinner was commenced; a powerful proof of his retentive memory and quick study, for to my certain knowledge he had it not in his possession altogether more than an hour and a half. I have often heard him say, that he would make a bet that in four days he would repeat every line in a newspaper, advertisements and all *verbatim*, in their regular order, without misplacing or missing a single word. . . . .

When Mrs. Crouch was performing in the last scene of Lodoiska, on the first night it was produced, and when she was in the burning castle, the wind blew the flames close to her; but still she had sufficient fortitude not to move from her situation. Seeing her in suck peril, I ran up the bridge, which was at a great height from the ground, towards the tower, in order to rescue her. Just as I was quitting the platfrom, a carpenter prematurely took out one of its supporters,—down I fell; and at the same moment the fiery tower, in which was Mrs. Crouch, sank down in a blaze with a violent crash: she uttered a scream of terror; providentially I was not hurt by the fall, and catching her in my arms, scarcely konwing what I was doing, I carried her to the front of the stage, a considerable distance from the place where we fell. The applause was loud and continued. In fact, had we rehearsed the scene as it happened, it could not have appeared half so natural, or produced half so great an effect. I always afterwards carried her to the front of the stage in a similar manner, and it never failed to produce great applause—such are at times the effects of accident. . . . . .

During our stay at Edinburgh, I and Mrs. Crouch brought very good houses, and had there excellent benefits. My late friend, Perry, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, gave me several letters to his literary friends and others, among whom was Mr. Gillies, and who shewed me many attentions.

I feel much pleasure in recording an anecdote, which must prove highly gratifying to a young lady now engaged at Drurylane Theatre, as well as to her friends. When Miss Wilson appeared at Drury-lane Theatre in Artaxerxes. Mr. Elliston wished me to hear her, and give him my opinign of her, I was at that time too ill with the gout to be able to attend the theatre. My old and valued friend, Madame Mara, was then in London. I wrote to her to call upon me, and requested her to go and hear Miss Wilson, to give me her true and candid opinion of her abilities, as I could not go myself; and after the performance to return to me and make her report; which she did, and a favourable one it was. "But," said she, "I was at Drury lane a few nights since, to see the pantomime; there was a little girl, who sung a ballad, 'Up Jack, and the day in your own;' that girl, depend upon what I tell you, has one of the finest voices I ever heard; and, could I be induced to take a pupil to bring forward on the stage, that girl should be the person of my choice." The young Lady is Miss Povey; and proud may she be of having been so mentioned by such a person as Madame Mara. . . .

In May, 1795, Miss Mellon made her first appearance. Mr. Sheridan had seen her the previous evening at Stafford, where she was acting; she was much patronized at that place by the leading families, particulary by Mr. Horton, an intimate electioneering friend of Mr. Sheridan's. She was engaged at Drury-Lane, and proved herself a valuable acquisition to our dramatic corps. She was a handsome girl and much esteemed and in gratitude I feel called upon to say, that both as Miss Mellon and Mrs. Coutts, I have received from her the most marked and friendly attentions, and am happy to have it in my power thus publicly to express my acknowledgments.

I have often heard Mr. Sheridan say, that if he had been bred to the law, he thought he would have been Lord Chancellor.

At Tunbridge Wells we were all delighted with Dowton's performance, particularly "the Jew," which was a very fine specimen of natural acting. I was so struck with it, that I called out to a gentleman with whom I was acquainted, who was sitting within three boxes of our party, "This is fine acting; this, I answer for it, will do," My prognostication, it seems, was so loudly expressed, that, as Dowton afterwards told me, he heard it on the stage. On my return to town, I told Sheridan what I thought of Dowton; and my opinion being corroborated by George Colman, Dowton had an immediate offer to join the Drury-lane company, which he accepted, and made his first appearance in the character of Sheva, on the 10th October, 1796; his success was perfect, and he has continued to this day a brilliant ornament to his profession. . .

Mr. G. Lewis, the author of the Castle Spectre, on the decease of his father, went to Jamaica. His slaves were much amused with the representation of the Castle Spectre; and, presuming on his indulgence, they petitioned him to emancipate them. He gave them a solemn promise, that at his death they should have their freedom. On his passage homeward he died; and, as it is said, by poison administered to him by three of his favourite black brethren, who thought they should gain their promised liberty by terminating his existence.

REVIEWS, EXTRACTS FROM POPULAR WORKS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES, &c. &c.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

That a bully is always a coward.—This axiom contains a principle of compensation, which disposes us to admit the truth of it. But there is no safe trusting to dictionaries and definitions. We should more willingly fall in with this popular language, if we did not find *brutality* sometimes awkwardly coupled with *valour* in the same vocabulary. The comic writers, with their poetical justice, have contributed not a little to mislead us upon this point. To see a hectoring fellow exposed and beaten upon the stage, has something in it wonderfully diverting. Some people's share of animal spirits is notoriously low and defective. It has not strength to raise a vapour, or furnish out the wind of a tolerable bluster. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valour. The truest courage with them is that which is the least noisy and obtrusive. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. Pretensions do not uniformly bespeak non-performance. A modest inoffensive deportment does not necessarily imply courage; neither does the absence of it justify us in denying that quality. Hickman wanted modesty—we do not mean *him* of Clarissa;—but who ever doubted his pluck? Even the poets—upon whom this equitable distribution of qualities should be most binding—have thought it agreeable to nature to depart from the rule upon occasion. Harapha, in the 'Agonistes,' is indeed a bully upon the received notions. Milton has made him at once a blusterer, a giant, and a dastard. But Almanzor, in Dryden, talks of driving armies singly before him—and does it. Tom Brown had a shrewder insight into this kind of character than either of his predecessors. He divides the palm more equably, and allows his hero a sort of dimidiate pre-eminence:—"Bully Dawson kicked by half the town, and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson." This was true distributive justice.

That ill-gotten gain never prospers.—The weakest part of mankind have this saying commonest in their mouths. It is the trite consolation administered to the easy dupe, when he has been tricked out of his money or estate, that the acquisition of it will do the owner *no good*. But the rogues of this world—the prudenter part of them, at least—know better; and, if the observation had been as true as it is old, would not have failed by this time to discover it. They have pretty sharp distinctions of the fluctuating and the permanent. "Lightly come, Lighgtly go," is a proverb, which they can very well afford to leave, when they leave little else, to the losers. They do not always find manors, got by rapine or chicanery, insensibly to melt away, as the poets will have it; or that all gold glides, like thawing snow, from the thief's hand that grasps it. Church land, alienated to lay uses, was formerly denounced to have this slippery quallity. But some portions of it somehow always stuck so fast, that the denunciators have been fain to postpone the prophecy of refundment to a late posterity.

That a man must not laugh at his own jest.—The severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature. This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavour of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party; to watch a quirk, or a merry conceit, flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of such complacence we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humour of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, effect himself to "see nothing considerable in it."

That such a one shows his breeding. That it is easy to perceive he is no gentleman.—A speech from the poorer sort of people, which always indicates that the party vituperated is a gentleman. The very fact which they deny, is that which galls and exasperates them to use this language. The forbearance with which it is usually received, is a proof what interpretation the by-stander sets upon it. Of a kin to this, and still less politic, are the phrases with which, in their street rhetoric, they ply one another more grossly:—*He is a poor creature.—He has not a rag to cover* —— &c. though this last, we confess, is more frequently applied by females to females. They do not perceive that the satire glances upon themselves. A poor man, of all things in the world, should not upbraid an antagonist with poverty. Are there no other topics—as, to tell him that his father was hanged—his sister made a ——, without exposing a secret, which should be kept snug between them; and doing an affront to the order to which they have the honour equally to belong? All this while they do not see how the wealthier man stands by and laughs in his sleeve at both.

That the poor copy the vices of the rich.—A smooth text to the latter; and, preached from the pulpit, is sure of a docile audience from the pews lined with satin. It is twice sitting upon velvet to a foolish squire to be told, that *he*—and not *perverse nature*, as the homilies would make us imagine, is the true cause of all the irregularities in his parish. This is striking at the root of free-will indeed, and denying the originality of sin in any sense. But men are not such implicit sheep as this comes to. If the abstinence from evil on the part of the upper classes is to derive itself from no higher principle, than the apprehension of setting ill patterns to the lower, we beg leave to discharge them from all squeamishness on that score; they may even take their fill of pleasures, where they can find them. The Genius of Poverty, hampered and straitened as it is, is not so barren of invention but it can trade upon the staple of its own vice, without drawing upon their capital. The poor are not quite such servile imitators as they take them for. Some of them are very clever artists in their way. Here and there we find an original. Who taught the poor to steal, to pilfer? They did not go to the great for schoolmasters in these faculties surely. It is well if in some vices they allow us to be—no copyists. In no other sense is it true that the poor copy them than as servants may be said to *take after* their masters and mistresses, when they succeed to their reversionary cold meats. If the master, from indisposition or some other cause, neglect his food, the servant dines notwithstanding.

"O but (some will say) the force of example is great." We knew a lady who was so scrupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress possibly never heard two words of consecutive truth from her in her life. But nature must go for nothing; example must be every thing. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words—literally false but essentially deceiving no one, that under some circumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful—a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-wenches care to be denied to visitors.

This word *example* reminds us of another fine word which is in use upon these occasions—*encouragement*. "People in our sphere must not be thought to give encouragement to such proceedings." To such a frantic height is this principle capable of being carried, that we have known individuals who have thought it within the scope of their influence to sanction despair, and give *eclat* to—suicide. A domestic in the family of a county member lately deceased, for love, or some unknown cause, cut his throat, but not successfully. The poor fellow was otherwise much loved and respected; and great interest was used in his behalf, upon his recovery, that he might be permitted to retain his place; his word being first pledged, not without some substantial sponsors to promise for him, that the like should never happen again. His master was inclinable to keep him, but his mistress thought otherwise; and John in the end was dismissed, her ladyship declaring that she "could not think of encouraging any such doings in the county."

That enough is as good as a feast.—Not a man, woman, or child in ten miles round Guildhall, who really believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody, who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism; a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day. Morally interpreted, it belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue *money*. Of this cast are those notable observations, that money is not health; riches cannot purchase every thing: the metaphor that makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheep's back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence too, the phrase which imputes dirt to acres—a sophistry so barefaced, that even the

literal sense of it is true only in a wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assuming to inculcate *content*, we verily believe to have been the invention of some cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbour, which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonyme which envelopes it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not *muck*—however we may be pleased to scandalise with that appellation the faithful metal that provides them for us.

Of two disputants the warmest is generally in the wrong.—Our experience would lead us to quite an opposite conclusion. Temper, indeed, is no test of truth; but warmth and earnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains. Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Titubus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn—we have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument where we were not convinced he had the best of it, if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him. When he has been spluttering excellent broken sense for an hour together, writing and labouring to be delivered of the point of dispute—the very gist of the controversy knocking at his teeth, which like some obstinate irongrating still obstructed its deliverance, his pully frame convulsed, and face reddening all over at an unfairness in the logic which he wanted articulation to expose, it has moved our gall to see a smooth portly fellow of an adversary, that cared not a button for the merits of the question, by merely laying his hand upon the head of the stationer, and desiring him to be calm (your tall disputants have always the advantage), with a provoking sneer carry the argument clean from him in the opinion of all the bystanders, who have gone away clearly convinced that Titubus must have been in the wrong, because he was in a passion; and that Mr. ——, meaning his opponent, is one of the fairest, and at the same time one of the most dispassionate arguers breathing.

That verbal allusions are not wit, because they will not bear a translation.—The same might be said of the wittiest local allusions. A custom is sometimes as difficult to explain to a foreigner as a pun. What would become of a great part of the wit of the last age, if it were tried by this test? How would certain topics, as aldermanity, cuckoldry, have sounded to a Terentian auditory, though Terence himself had been alive to translate them? *Senator urbanus*, with *Curruca* to boot for a synomine, would but faintly have done the business. Words, involving notions, are hard enough to render; it is too much to expect us to translate a sound, and give an elegant version to a jingle. The Virgilian harmony is not translatable, but by substituting harmonious sounds in another language for it. To Latinise a pun, we must seek a pun in Latin, that will answer to it; as, to give an idea of the double endings in Hudibras, we must have recourse to a similar practice in the old monkish doggrel. Dennis, the fiercest oppuguer of puns in ancient or modern times, professes himself highly tickled with the "a stick" chiming to "ecclesiastic." Yet what is this but a species of pun, a verbal consonance?"

That the worst puns are the best.—If by worst be only meant the most far-fetched and startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg—all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop; after hunting and sending it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squeezing, and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further,—suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota—has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time,—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot; any thing ulterior to that is despaired of; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded, with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Miscellanies.

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare, or a wig?"

There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronunciation, to a very common though not very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a dinner-party, it would have been vapid; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of *time*, *place*, and *person*; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter; the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second; the place—a public street—not favourable to frivolous investigations; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most cases considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties—which the fellow was beginning to understand; but then the *wig* again comes in, and he can make nothing of it: all put together constitute a picture: Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvass.

Yet nine out of ten critics will pronounce this a very bad pun, because of the defectiveness in the concluding member, which is its very beauty, and constitutes the surprise. The same persons shall cry up for admirable the cold quibble from Virgil about the broken Cremona;* because it is made out in all its parts, and leaves nothing to the imagination. We venture to call it cold; because of thousands who have admired it, it would be difficult to find one who has heartily chuckled at it. As appealing to the judgment merely (setting the risible faculty aside), we must pronounce it a monument of curious felicity. But as some stories applied by Swift to a lady's dress, or mantua (as it was then termed) coming in contact with one of those fiddles called Cremonas, are said to be too good to be true, it may with equal truth be asserted of this bi-verbal allusion, that it is too good to be natural. One cannot help suspecting that the incident was invented to fit the line. It would have been better if it had been less perfect. Like some Virgilian hemistichs, it has suffered by filling up. The *nimium Vicina* was enough in conscience; the *Cremonæ* afterwards loads it. It is in fact a double pun; and we have always observed that a superfœtation in this sort of wit is dangerous. When a man has said a good thing, it is seldom politic to follow it up. We do not care to be cheated a second time; or, perhaps, the mind of man (with reverence be it spoken) is not capacious enough to lodge two puns at a time. The impression, to be forcible, must be simultaneous and undivided.

ELIA.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

From the Literary Gazette.

Review of the Efforts and Progress of Nations, during the last five and twenty years.

THE Church of Rome has directed, that the year on which we are entering shall be signalized by a Jubilee. She considers the quarter of a century as a portion of human life sufficiently important to require all men to pause at this epoch, in order to contemplate the past; to review its errors, to examine the few advances which have been made in it, and to derive from the retrospect new views for the future. Those who wish for the amendment, for the improvement of man, those who are solicitious for his progress in virtue, in intelligence, and in liberty, those who would have him always make a noble use of the faculties which elevate him above the brute, his conscience, his intellect, his free will, will do well to celebrate this Jubilee with the Church of Rome.

The first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century have passed. They have a character exclusively their own. They have been

*"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ."

entirely occupied by a single interest—that of the struggle between two opinions which divide the earth, and which dispose of the powers of nations. The one tend to advance the human species, the other to arrest it, or cause it to retrograde. In various countries, the one or the other opinion has been by turns victorious; violent revolutions, the subversion of empires have, by turns, during this quarter of a century, marked the alternate triumphs of the two parties. They are still in existence. The issue of their contests is still uncertain; and, though we are far from pretending to be neutral, we think ourselves capable, without bitterness, without partiality, without any thing hostile in our language, of reconnoitring their respective positions.

And in the first place, in the midst of many fatal events, in the midst of many discouraging attempts, it inspires hope in the friends of humanity to see at length the cause of these contests clearly defined, the character of the two parties, that objects and expectations, divested of all ambiguity. In the twenty-five years which have just elapsed, it was not always so. As each party has tyrannized in its turn, as each party has, in the madness of power braved in its turn the dictates of reason, the inspirations of morals, and the high feelings of liberty, we have seen the most virtuous men conscientiously range themselves under opposite standards; all animated by the same desire of saving every thing that is noble in human nature, of restraining vandalism, either revolutionary or despotic, of preserving civilization, virtue, and freedom, which it appeared to them that their adversaries were on the point of destroying. Men have never had two opinions on the value of those precious possessions. They differ solely on the means of obtaining them, on the character under which they may be recognised, on the alloy by which they are sometimes debased; but no one ever dreamt of rejecting for itself, information, virtue, or liberty. "We fight for freedom," said a Republican to an Imperial soldier. "And do you think we fight for slavery?" was the reply.

It was long a source of error to separate the progressive faculties of man; as if all the welfare of the existing generation depended either on liberty, or on intelligence, or on virtue. These qualities are on the contrary strictly united, and almost inseparable. Man must be enlightened, in order to distinguish good from evil; he must be virtuous to prefer the former, he must be free in order that he may make his choice effectual. The same intelligence which directs his moral choice, will show him all other benefits, as well as the means of obtaining them; and every advance of information will call for, and will render necessary, a corresponding advance in virtue, and in liberty. One great cause of ambiguity and confusion has been suppressed, since the friends of humanity have proclaimed the intimate connexion of these three qualities of man. That having been generally acknowledged, the retrograde party said: "We believe that intelligence, virtue, and freedom, are good things; we believe that the increase of riches, of population, and of power, which result from them, is a good thing also; we desire them for ourselves alone; while [illegible] party replied: "It is because [illegible]ings to be good that we [illegible]ld; for what we seek

is the greatest benefit of the greatest number."

So much, has language been abused by the slaves of power, that words still retain somewhat of the sophistry in which they have been employed; and however clearly the question which divides the world may henceforth be defined, it will by no means be impossible for talkers still to envelop it in doubts, and to perplex the simple. But facts will always be present; and will explain the two principles, and serve as a standard for the two opinions.

The United States of America exhibit the progressive tendency which one of these opinions is calculated to give to the human species. Since their emancipation, and above all, during the last quarter of a century, their government has never hesitated in its firm determination to march forwards, and to encourage with all its power the progress of information, of virtue, and of freedom; and the rapid growth of the prosperity of the United States has in consequence surpassed every thing that was ever known in the world. To judge of it, we must not forget the point from which they set off. The founders of the American colonies were the refugees of all kinds of religious and political sects, every one of which had been persecuted in its turn; they carried with them the germs of animosity, every species of resentment, every description of fanaticism, every disposition of exaggeration. For a long time they were recruited by the scum of England; by individuals transported for their crimes. In latter periods, their country became the refuge of fortune-hunters, of intriguers, of adventures of all nations. The colonies derived from the governments of Europe the most pernicious of all institutions—slavery. The greater part of the population was dispersed in woods in immense savannas, far out of the reach of any tribunal, or of social protection. With such elements, the Americans would, under our governments of Europe, have been the most vicious of nations. On the contrary, they are entitled to take rank among the most virtuous. Few are to be found in which the feeling of what is right, just, and honourable, is more generally diffused; in which crimes are more rare; in which the domestic virtues are more honoured; or in which religion (religion which, nevertheless, has no other sanction than every man's conscience) exert a more universal influence. Doubtless, traces remain of the stain which the Americans owe to their progenitors; but every day witnesses its rapid decay; while it must not be forgotten that the Americans are but starting in the career of knowledge—that they must be colonists, farmers, artificers, tradesmen, before they can have leisure to devote to literature or philosophy. It cannot yet be expected that they should produce any of those splendid luminaries which enlighten the human kind; but they know how to avail themselves of all the arts and sciences of Europe: they have spread over great mass of their population more reason, more positive knowledge, more aptitude of comprehension, more healthy notions, than are to be found in the mass of the people of any of the old nations of Europe. The liberty of America established and developed itself with her intelligence and with her virtue.—The citizen of no other state enjoys so many rights and so many immunities; and never have those rights and immunities been abused as with us. No popular fury—no insurrections—no civil war. Their security has equalled their freedom. What, then, has been the result of this triple progress? At the commencement of the century, the Americans were between four and five millions in number; they are now eleven millions. At the commencement of the century their towns were still small and mean; they now rival the capitals of Europe, in size, population, and beauty. At the commencement of the century, the United States sustained with difficulty the burden of the public debt, contracted during the war of independence; now their funds are no longer quoted on the stock exchange of London: their debt is almost annihilated, and they owe nothing except to themselves. At the commencement of the century their commerce, their industry, and even their agriculture, were fed by British capital; now, their speculations, notwithstanding their extent, are supported by their own means; which they pour into Europe and India, as well as into what was formerly Spanish America, and into which they are carrying all the arts of civilization. This is what the Americans have done in the last five-and-twenty years. They have advanced, they are advancing; is it strange that we should wish to advance too?

Unfortunately, it is not difficult to find examples of the retrograde tendency. In order to offend as little as possible those who are unwilling to be told the truth, we will choose a distant example, in a country the government of which employs no hypocrisy of language to disguise its intentions. This country, situated between the three monarchies of Europe which bear the name of Empires, belongs properly to none of them: although all three retain it, and are solicitous to retain it, by their protection, in the condition in which it at present is. It comprehends Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Servia; principalities favoured by nature with the richest soil in Europe, the most temperate climate, the course of the largest river, and the most ancient route of commerce, which in former times united the East with the West, and the civilization of Constantinople with that of Germany and France. But this country, to which Providence has granted the germ of all those qualities and properties which summon it to happiness and glory, has been constantly subject to the retrograde system; and since the time of Trajan, who rendered it flourishing since the time of Charlemagne, who reopened by the valley of the Danube the communication between the two empires, it has not ceased to go back. In these unhappy provinces, there is no security, either for person or for property; there is no commerce, no industry, no agriculture; the population is reduced to the twentieth part of the amount which the soil is capable of maintaining; it is more wild, more savage, and more forlorn than the red deer which partake with it of the produce of the valley of the Danube. There is no country in which (especially in Bulgaria and Servia) more care has been taken to banish all liberty, all intelligence, all virtue. The peasant is a serf, whose owner neither protects him, nor wishes to do so. Instruction is impossible; for the language is not even written. Virtue is unknown: it would be in vain to seek for it among the peasantry, for those who enjoy no rights, are necessarily deficient in their duties: and as for the Boyards, the intemperance of the men, and the indecency of the women, contrast, in a very repulsive manner, with the luxury with which they endeavour to surround themselves. The state of war, which has been prolonged for many centuries without interruption in these principalities, oc-

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casions frequent losses to their neighbours, and requires continual watchfulness. Those neighbours are the most powerful monarchs of Europe. Nevertheless, they never assemble a congress, they never use the influence of which treaties have put them in possession, to put an end to the effusion of human blood, and to rapine. What is it then, that they find so desirable in this state of thing? It is that, whatever may be the degree of oppression endured by the Wallachian or Moldavian peasant, they never run the risk of seeing him revolt; they may impale him, but they cannot drive him into self-defence. As for us, however, who have not similar interests, it is well that we should now and then cast our eyes at his state. If that is the end of the retrograde movement, undoubtedly we are not desirous of retrograding.

Let us not be misled by persons who employ other words to describe the two tendencies. Those words have exercised a pernicious influence on the quarter of a century through which we have just passed, and have been the source of numerous errors. The two parties have deceived themselves by the declaration of principles which ill represent their real sentiments. The one party have made a dogma of the sovereignty of the people; but this dogma has incessantly deluded them. If they were obliged to give the name of "the people," to an assemblage of every body, if they recognised in all an equal right to government, they themselves opposed the greatest obstacles to social progress; for the ignorant mass is much more numerous than the informed class: it knows not what is good; frequently it does not wish for it; and the sovereign multitude has shown itself not less retrograde than despots. The antagonists of this party have opposed to the dogma of the latter that of legitimacy, upon which they pretend to found the sovereign authority. The inventor of this doctrine by no means wished to raise the standard of the retrograde system. He thought only of France; and, regarding all revolutionary power as infected with violence, he sought for some right antecedent to the exercise of force; he recognised it in the sovereign as well as in the subject, by its most constant sign, regular and tranquil transmission during many generations—prescription. But when the retrograde party got hold of this word they applied it to countries and governments where its application was absurd. Have those who invoked legitimacy in Germany and in Italy, forgotten that the legitimate order in the holy Roman empire (that is to say, the order before the revolution, the order founded on treaties, on regular and tranquil transmission, and on prescription) gives those two countries an elective chief—electors, of whom three were elected by turns—a constitution which has been atterly detroyed; so that all the rights, all the titles which are now claimed, are founded on the revolution? The rest of Europe would not be less embarrassed to show the characters of legitimacy in the power to which it is actually subject. Almost every where the anterior laws, the laws on which power was founded, have been abolished.

After all, the partisans of the retrograde system need no definition. A single word suffices for their recognition. But from the partisans of the progressive system more precision is required. The dogma of the sovereignty of the people is calculated only to compromise and confound them. It is useless to go back to the origin of power; but it ought to be recollected that, from the moment of its existence, from the moment of its creation, it has duties to perfrom. Those duities are the advancement of the object of human society, the improvement and the happiness of the governed, their progress in virtue, in intelligence, in freedom. The accomplishment of these duties legitimatise governments—it is their best title. These duties are common to all governments; they may be discharged by all, whatever their form. It is true that all froms of government are not equally calculated to secure this accomplishment; but we must be satisfied with those that are imperfect; for, however anxiously sought for, no one has yet been able to find a form of government suitable to all states, and cemperhending every kind of security.

After having endeavoured to show the object of the struggle in which the human race have been engaged for the last quarter of a century, let us endeavour to appreciate the results. Undoubtedly that period has abounded with great disasters and cruel catastrophes; yet there is reason for congratulation on some of the advances which have been made in it.

France first presents itself to the reflecting mind; for by France the impulse was given to other nations. France has dearly paid her inexperience. Alternately conquering and conquered, she has seen the most opposite doctrines professed in her names; and has been compelled to render obedience to the regimes which the extremes of all parties have imposed upon her. No doubt she may justly express regrets; no doubt she may justly entertain fears; no doubt she may justly complain of the great retrogressions which she has recently made; but if she revert to her condition five and twenty years ago, she will acknowledge that during the last quarter of a century she has gained more than she has lost. The ideas of order and justice have been developed and confirmed; political knowledge has been universally diffused and the two parties have, generally speaking, divested themselves of their prejudices. It is true that the cause of morals has suffered by the progress of hypocrisy and venality; that of intelligence by the hostility displayed towards the best modes of instruction; and that of liberty by invasions which it would be useless here to recapitulate. Corrupt efforts have during this period been directed (as they always are directed) to debase the feelings, to dull the intellect, to control the free-will; but the French have derived more from the progress of prosperity than they have been deprived of by the abuse of power. The advancement of all kinds of industry, the universal welfare, the national wealth, have elevated the national character; for never can the inhabitants of a state feel their independence and their moral dignity unless they are above want. An ease, hitherto unexperienced, has given to every class a greater thirst for information, and more leisure to acquire it. In compensation for a portion of her lost rights. France is in possession of the liberty of the press. This liberty secures the dominion of noble sentiments, and consequently is the most powerful agent in the improvement of the human species. Thus notwithstanding all her disasters, France is in a progressive state. She marches gloriously forward.

(To be Continued.)

To the Spirit of the Forest.

Spirit of these wild groves and dells!
The Muse thy power invokes—
Spirit of loneliness that dwells
Where green moss creeps, and heather
Around these ancient oaks.

Hamadryad, Sylph, or Fairy,
Or whate'er thy name may be,
Gloomy, gay, or grave, or airy,
I approach with footsteps wary,
Anxious to commune with thee.

Old thou art—thou wert presiding,
If tradition's lore be true,
O'er this forest when was riding
Bold Robin Hood—his archers gliding
Among these oaks, now seen, now hiding,
Ere thy twang'd their bows of yew.

Then the stag in crested pride
Wildly roam'd these woodlands o'er,
And show'd his antlers branching wide,
His glossy eye, his spotted side,
Where Rayneth's still smooth waters glide
Within their peaceful shore.

Then were these oaks in all their glory,
Which are sear'd and blighted now,
And tell a sad, a mournful story,
And show the hand of time so hoary,
In many a scathed and blighted bough.

Merry Sherwood wert thou then,
Wide thy range, and wild thy rangers,
When a palace deck'd thy glen,
And holy towers appear'd in ken,
And kings were there to welcome strangers.*

Merry Sherwood art thou still,
Though times are changed, and oaks are blighted;
Yet there's music in the rill,
And mirth upon the sunny hill,
Where wild birds love to warble still,
Delighting and delighted.

Spirit of these woodlands wild!
Though long thy reign, it is not ended;
For oft will Fancy's wayward child
Wander in summer evening mild,
In thine own groves, by thee attended:

And often in the fitful breeze
That rustles when the leaves are falling,
Believe thy sylvan form he sees,
And hears thy voice amidst the trees,
As thou wert summer days recalling.

And what though summer days are past,
And thou art changed in voice and form,
And thou hast clothed thee in the blast
That whirls the leaves in eddies past,
And ranges o'er the forest vast,
The genius of the storm.

Yet, Spirit! I invoke thee still,
Whether in winter's sullen reign,
When icy fetters bind the rill,
And Sherwood's choristers are still;
And the sunbeams which crown the hill,
Scarce reach the distant plain:

Or in those bright and sunny days,
When heather blooms, and bracken's green,
And the sun his beams displays,
And numerous warblers tune their lays,
And plume their wings beneath his rays,
And harmonize the scene.

Let none thy charms presume to tell,
Save those who in thy groves have stray'd,
And found that powerful wizard spell,
Which Fancy's votaries know full well,
And all who in thy regions dwell,
And love thy groves of shade.

* Clipstone Palace, said to have been [illegible] the reign of King John; some part of the old [illegible] mains standing, and is yet called in that [illegible] by the peasantry King John's Pal[illegible]

BOMBAY.—Printed for the *Proprietors*, by M. D. Cruz, in Military Square No. [illegible]
Where advertisements, essays, poetical pieces, articles of intelligence, &c. &c. will be than[illegible]
Gentlemen about to change their stations are requested to give notice to the Printer who will pay [illegible]